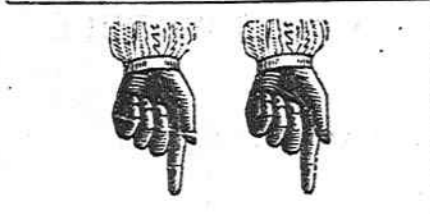


# The Fairfield News-Herald

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1884.



1884 1884

## SPRING OPENING

P. Landecker & Bro.

We are now receiving every day our new

### SPRING STOCK!

Attention is particularly directed to our new and elegant assortment of

#### SPRING DRESS GOODS.

Trimmings for Dresses.

#### LADIES' CHILDREN'S

Fancy Hose.

#### LACES and FICHUS of the latest novelties.

#### LADIES' CHILDREN'S

Trimmed Straw Hats.

Our stock of CLOTHING

for Men, Youth's and Children is complete.

We invite our friends and customers to give us an early call.

P. LANDECKER & BRO.



## PLANTERS!

LOOK WELL TO YOUR INTEREST.

AND CALL AT

R. J. McCARLEY & CO.'S

MACHINERY HALL and examine their

Machinery before buying elsewhere.

We have a full line of machinery always on hand, and will take great pleasure in showing it to all parties wishing to buy.

We represent the Celebrated

### FRICK "ECLIPSE" ENGINE.

We have sold a number of these Engines in this County, and every one has given entire satisfaction; in fact it is the best Engine sold, without any exception.

We offer

### "THE PRATT,"

### "VAN WINKLE,"

### "BROWN,"

### "HORSE-SHOE" GINS.

And challenge the World to furnish better.

We also sell the

### HUNTER MILL.

One of the best Mills in the market. We have on hand a sample

### GIN-HOUSE THRESHER.

Every farmer who raises grain should have one of these Threshers.

We do not fear competition, as we represent only the

### VERY BEST MACHINERY.

Which we offer at as low figures and on as liberal terms as can be found anywhere.

No matter what you may want in the

### MACHINERY LINE.

Always write to us, and your orders shall always receive our prompt attention.

All we ask is that you give us a trial, and we will satisfy you that it will be to your interest to buy your MACHINERY from

R. J. McCARLEY & CO.

July 25

BARGAIN.—I will sell the following New Cook Stoves at Cost, for the reason that I will not handle these styles in future:

One No. 70 New Era, 16 inch Oven \$12.00, worth \$16.00.

One No. 7 New Era, 18 inch Oven \$14.00, worth \$20.00.

One No. 17 Centennial, 20 inch Oven \$20.00, worth \$25.00.

One No. 8 Improved Lee, 19 inch Oven \$25.00, worth \$30.00. With each stove a full set utensils.

J. H. CUMMINGS.

### Gretchen.

Whenever I would speak about Gretchen I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business.

She was a vander-vitch, dot mis. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business.

Dem eyes, dem was some vander-banes. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business.

You cughter seen dem dimples, too. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business.

Ach! dit! she was nice? Sometimes I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business.

Don't seemin' dem like lemon-choice. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business. I would be told to mind my own business.

—W. W. Whipple.

### A SHATTERED INTELLECT.

"Help! help! help!"

I started to my feet in a tremor of

fright as this cry rang through my

room, and gazed at the partition wall

which divided my apartment from the

room next to it, in helpless terror.

Then I thought me of the hall, and

rubbing out there I knocked on the door

next to mine.

Silence, followed by a low demoniac

laugh!

"What is the matter?" I called.

"Ow! the door! it's closed here!"

A voice, evidently that of an aged

woman, called out:

"Go away!"

Then I could hear her laugh and

mutter to herself, and I went back to

my room. On the way I met the boy

who was janitor of the building.

"Who has No. 27?"

"Some crazy woman," he answered

in disrespectful haste, and was gone

before I could ask another question.

A madwoman, in the next room!

Surely fate was unkind to me. I had

come here to improve my own mind,

and found myself tete-a-tete with

idioty. I could move out, but I had

only just moved in, and I could not

leave as soon as I had. I was pre-

paring myself for dramatic readings,

and spent the most of my time in the

drill work of my profession, with inter-

vals devoted to the rendering of clas-

sical music, now and then I comforted

myself with the belief that however

hard my poor demented neighbor

shrieked and raved in her insane

ebullience, I could down her out with

an opposition bedlam, and I decided to

show her I was as good as my own

actions.

If I had only done so!

"Mind your own business" is a

homely formula, but it is a little classic

of sense, and I had engraved on the ritual

of my daily life in letters of gold. So

much for parenthesis.

I studied alone. I raved and ranted

to develop my voice. I paced my cham-

ber in a long white gown and holding

in my hand a book of psalms, and

while I strode up and down, I repeated

in supercilious tones:

"O-w-it dam-ned spot, ow-it I say—

one way, why then, time to go!"

"Save me! save me! help! help! for

God's sake, help!"

I dropped my candle, jumped into

was strange—nothing was mine. I had

made a mistake and walked into No. 27.

The woman who sat there alone

rose as if ashamed and stepped back.

"I beg your pardon," I said as I re-

covered myself, "but it seems I have

made a mistake. I was thinking so

busily, I did not notice."

"Won't you sit down? Take this—"

"I'll kill you! Help! Help!" shrieked

a discordant voice—the voice that

had made me so nervous.

I started in sudden fright; every

nook and corner was visible to the eye;

the bed was there, white and unoccu-

piated; no one was present except we

two.

"Who is it? What is it?" I gasped,

turning pale and sick.

"My parrot," said the woman, calm-

ly, pointing to a gray African parrot

littering sleepily in a cage in the corner.

"I have just seen it," she said, with

her nose. She is a very tragic bird. I

am very much of her, but some day

you may borrow her, if you like her

for company."

"I would like to bring her neck," I

said and went home.

The next time I met the janitor I

asked him how he dared to tell me

there was a crazy woman in that room.

"Ale vimmines es crazy," he said,

with a cynical smile. "I tell her you

are crazy just your own self."

"Told her I was crazy?"

"Yes, and she was afraid, too."

Then I was a mad woman. I had

been fooled and outwitted by a lot of

a boy, and that bird I most despised,

a parrot—Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

### Plantation Negroes.

Plantation negroes are, to those who

see them for the first time, most miser-

able specimens of "men and brothers,"

if they are to be judged by their exter-

nal appearance. They are usually

very black in color, with pronounced

features, and are usually dressed in

the same manner as the white people.

They live only in the present, know

no more of the future, and regard freedom

as only the means of deciding for them-

selves whether they will work or remain

idle, and, as may be supposed, if bacon

and corn bread could be had without the

labor, it is safe to say they would re-

main idle.

I was told, however, despite their

dejected, week-day look, that they are

very happy and contented people, and

are treated with much consideration

and kindness on the two planta-

tions I visited, being allowed to build

their own houses, and to have their

lands, and in illness cared for either

by the overseer or owner, who employs

a physician in urgent cases.

These plantations have also stores

upon the grounds wherein the hands

can buy at a small rate all the neces-

saries of their lives, food, clothing and

shoes—in fact anything that can be had

### The Mexican Lasso.

The lasso itself is a rope made of the

twisted fibre of the maguey, or aloe,

known in European markets as Sisal

hemp. The great difference in the

quality, the best and strongest are

twisted so extremely tight that it is al-

most impossible to untwist the strands.

One end is worked into a loop, lined

inside with leather, through which

when about to throw the lasso, the

rope is doubled; the rest of the coil

is held in the left hand, ready to

let go, the extreme end being kept

separate and of course retained. The

noose should hang well clear of the

ground when held level with the shoul-

der, and when open, forms a circle of

four or five feet in diameter. The

lasso is swung over the head and left

shoulder, and back over the right

shoulder—a peculiar turn of the wrist

as it begins to return keeping the noose

open. It is thus made to differ from

the rope before a good purchase has

been made, and the thrower un-

derstand the lasso, and the lasso is

thrown by the hand, and the lasso is

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### A GENUINE BULL-FIGHT.

The Cowboys Testing the Mettle of

their Herds.

There had been considerable chaffing,

variegated with especially lurid illu-

strations of the possibilities of profan-

ity on the merits of the two bulls, and

for several nights the smoke hung low

over the campfires, as if listening, too

awe-stricken to rise, to the various

stories of their prowess between the

guts. Murcheson men were to the

westward of the trail, but they came

over to Zingman's roundup, two miles

to the east, every evening to talk over

their bull, and speculate on the chances

if Zingman's men felt the spirit of own-

ership in anything they wanted to pit

against him. But Zingman's people

hesitated. They had a bull, "Texas,"